

# Women's Shoulders Not Fit To

The King of Spain  
thinks So but Finds Only  
His Wife and a Few Silly Girl Ad-  
mirers to Agree  
With Him

An American stage beauty displaying some excellent reasons why women's shoulders should NOT be hidden from view, as the King of Spain would have them



IGNATION reigns, war threat-  
—women are up in arms! We  
can "up" Round arms, skinny  
long arms, shapely arms, plump  
all are raised in defiance of the  
of Spain's proclamation: "Let  
be no naked arms."

of arms all over the world are  
out to contradict the King's  
that few women have arms  
enough to risk the new bare-to-  
older fashion. But King Alfonso,  
midst of his gay revels at Deau-  
the fashionable seashore resort of  
France, found time to look  
at the curves of pink flesh  
and his belief that styles ought  
created to conceal the arms and  
er.

man may wear decollete or a  
which leaves her back bare, or ap-  
the shortest of skirts, but she  
serves the same idea of nakedness  
the case of arms bared to above  
elbow."

are the words of the world's  
king, Alfonso of Spain, who was  
setting the pace for Deauville's  
season. He stopped in his wild  
to seriously discuss his state-  
ment.

declared that it is practical-  
to find arms gracefully at-  
the shoulder, the junction of  
to the body being generally too  
high or too fat. Therefore it  
concluded that modern women  
great pluck to exhibit their bare  
at a race meeting, where the ab-  
shaded artificial light makes  
small faults more glaring."

for his wife and a few silly  
American girl admirers, ambitious  
royal favor, King Alfonso has  
one to agree with him. The  
always anxious to please her  
husband, never appears in public  
arms. Not an inch of naked  
shoulder or arm is seen on any  
recent photographs. The poor  
has every feminine right to com-  
plain that those who have been favored  
view of her majesty in evening  
gown that no lovelier arms exist  
in Spain.

the three or four foolish little  
girls who were eager to please  
they are disconsolate. Did they  
frighten out of themselves when  
of his scornful criticism in  
to bare arms? Had they not  
spectators, ransacked their trunks  
times two years old which they  
modest enough to live up to the  
and black! The King was all for  
and a back and an arm and a  
—certainly bare. Instead of  
favorites of the evening, the  
modest little girls were ignored  
most daring, the most decollete  
of all Deauville!

dainful of the King's proclamation, which  
they consider to be the result of his sur-  
veying too many arms during his brief  
glittering career at Deauville. Let him  
rest awhile, they advise, until his sa-  
tiated eyes have become unaccustomed to  
bare arms. Then he will again be able  
to appreciate the beauty re-  
vealed by sleeveless gowns.

Or better yet—let him come  
to America where, women  
wear sleeveless frocks with  
grace! He will see that arms  
that are bare are beautiful,  
for the simple reason that  
arms that are not beautiful  
are not bare! Discreet Amer-  
ican women are careful to  
hide their bad points.

Art critics hold King  
Alfonso's theory to be ridicu-  
lous. They point out the  
Venus de Milo as an instance  
in art where beautiful shoul-  
ders are one of the chief  
attributes of a lovely form.  
If Alfonso were to cover up  
the shoulders and arms of  
beautiful women art and  
artists would be at a loss.  
They claim that graceful  
arms and shoulder are one  
of the most inspiring sources  
of art.

There can be no doubt  
that King Alfonso had pre-  
cious little time to give to reflec-  
tion on his theory while at Deau-  
ville. Cable dispatches were brim-  
ming with tales of the sportive  
King's doings. One of them said:  
"The maddest season even  
Deauville ever knew ended when  
this morning's sleepless sun rose  
on time in an automobile rush to-  
ward Paris. Those who remain  
are praying that the truly joyous  
ride will not be marred by a  
tragedy."

"The last night at the Casino,  
where millions of francs were lost  
and won in the final desperate  
courting of fortune, was the gay-  
est for two incidents in which royalty  
figured. In one instance an Indian  
jabber was personated.

"King Alfonso of Spain did a tango  
pas seul in the center of the floor to  
show the Dolly Sisters the really proper  
way to foot the dance. Previously his  
Castilian majesty had danced long and  
often with both sisters.

"The very latest sensation was the ap-  
pearance of the 'nothing beneath' even-  
ing gown. This costume is considered  
complete if the lady modestly puts on  
shoes and stockings. The most specta-  
cular wearers of this robe were a Rus-  
sian archduchess and a titled English-  
woman."

Another read: "Rain, baccarat, dan-  
cing, races, live pigeon shooting—and the  
King of Spain! Such is the season thus  
far in this the most glittering of Euro-  
pean watering places.

"Outside in the main room, at a table  
which is Baroness Erlanger's headquar-  
ters, the Dolly Sisters, fresh from their



The beauty  
of this  
figure and  
face would  
be sadly  
marred, the  
King of  
Spain thinks,  
if the shoul-  
ders were  
not covered

dancing act in the Casino restaurant,  
gamble away large portions of their sala-  
ries with excited gestures and occasional  
swift dialogue in their native Hungarian.

"By 2 o'clock in the morning thirty  
tables, scattered about three vast rooms,  
are running full blast. At 8 in the  
morning three are still in operation.  
Half an hour later, however, all is quiet.  
"Deauville sleeps until lunch time.

"In the afternoon one goes to the  
races or shoots or watches others shoot  
live pigeons. Afterward one attends a  
'the dancant' at the Casino or imbibes  
limitless cocktails at Giro's or the Potin-  
iere—or gambles some more.

"Dinner is always late. There is dan-  
cing during and immediately after din-  
ner, and then the baccarat rooms again.

"Such is the routine here. Through it  
all moves King Alfonso, the Hamlet, or  
rather the Prince Charming, of the  
piece, with a genial, albeit a somewhat  
satirical, smile on his long, Hapsburg

face and an unaffected desire to be  
amused.

"His popularity is immense, chiefly be-  
cause he plays the game not as a royal  
personage, but as a human being and a  
good sport."

Another dispatch told us that every  
morning eager groups representing the  
best in continental and American soci-  
ety lined the driveways outside the  
Potiniere, waiting for Alfonso's Hispano  
touring car, followed by a red speedster,  
in which is Special Police Commissaire  
Oudaille, to whom was assigned the task  
of protecting the Spanish royalties.

As the royal guest arrived every one  
remained standing and silent till the vi-  
sitor was seated. They then watched the  
sovereign drink his morning cocktail. If  
Alfonso called for a matutinal Manhat-  
tan, every one else wanted a Manhattan.  
Consequently the waiters were forced to  
recommend to his majesty's guides each  
day the drink of which the house had  
the largest stock.

One Sunday a heavy demand for gin  
fizzes exhausted the last bottle of Hol-  
land gin, and as Paris was enjoying a  
holiday, a new shipment had to be  
brought from Brussels by airplane.

When Alfonso wished to play polo  
there was a great scurrying to find  
enough police to keep back the crowds.

Even eating hours in Deauville were  
dictated by royal schedule. Eight o'clock  
used to be the fashionable hour for din-  
ing, but when Alfonso's valet dropped  
the hint that Alfonso refused to so much  
as touch even one hors d'oeuvre before  
9, nobody in the better-class hotels would  
think of calling for anything earlier.

Pictures are drawn of Alfonso playing  
for high stakes at the big game in the  
'cercle deprive' (so called because it is  
reserved for men) at the Casino.

The big game is staged in a spacious  
salon where there is only one table. A



The Queen of Spain with her shoulders mod-  
estly clothed to meet her husband's views

dozen players, with literally millions of  
francs heaped up in front of them, sit  
stonelike, following the turn of the cards.  
They are ringed about with spectators,  
three or four deep, who speak only in  
whispers.

Tense silence prevails for the most  
part, broken only by a murmured  
"Banco" from one or another of the men  
at the table or the harsh voice of the  
croupier, giving notice of the size of the  
bank which may be played against.

Amazing tales are told of this table,  
but none so amazing as the tales that  
are told of the Spanish King.

Assuredly in such an environment and



Gay King Alfonso

among so many beautiful  
women, there must have  
been one pair of arms de-  
serving of King Alfonso's  
approval. The most hard-  
ened cynics cannot believe  
the Spanish King's asser-  
tion that no woman's arms  
are lovely enough to dis-  
play. And yet the royal  
statement said just that.

Will Alfonso, now that  
he has had time to recuper-  
ate from the hot turmoil  
and gayety of Deauville,  
solve the mystery that sur-  
rounds his criticism? There

must have been displeasure to call for  
so cruel and sweeping a statement.

Perchance at Deauville the arms that  
were fat and shapeless outweighed those  
that were fair and well formed. The  
King, then, could not be blamed for not  
seeing their beauty. Or perhaps—and  
this surmise seems more to suit the  
career of the merry King—some pretty,  
decollete mien gave his majesty the cold  
shoulder!

But if he thought to be revenged on  
her by banning bare shoulders, he was  
sadly disappointed. They were as nu-  
merous as ever all the rest of the Deau-  
ville season.